

A DREADFUL DOOM.

The Ever-Present Peril of Premature Interment.

THE AWFUL CRIME OF A GHOUL

How a New Jersey Man Discomfited the Chance of Being Buried Alive—Some Narrow Escapes.

There is one dread greater than the dread of death, and that is the dread of being buried alive.

George W. Fay, of Hammoncton, N. J., who died recently, was haunted by this terrible fear, and compelled his relatives to promise that before they consigned his remains to the grave they would plunge a dagger into his heart.



STARRED TO THE HEART.

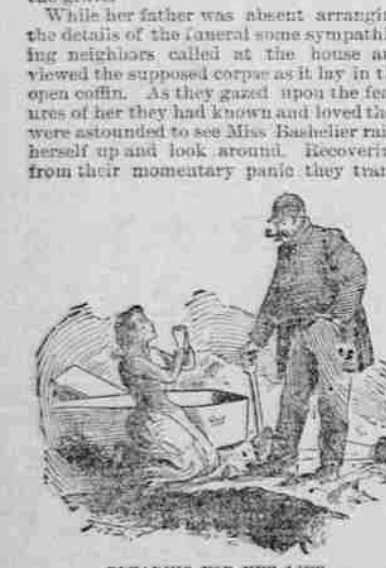
ness he often dreamed of having fallen into a trance and of being buried alive. These dreams formed the motive for his dying injunction.

He stipulated that his body should be kept above ground until there were distinct signs of decay, and then, in order to make assurance doubly sure, that a dagger should be plunged into his heart in the presence of witnesses, and there left. This request was carried out after the body had rested in its coffin for two weeks above ground, and when Mr. Fay's remains were consigned to the cemetery the fact of his death had been proven beyond any possibility of a doubt.



SAVED AT THE LAST MOMENT.

Forty years ago the custom was abandoned under circumstances of peculiar horror. A beautiful young girl had been pronounced dead by the attending physicians, and after the preparation of her body for burial, her father, who was not present, returned and found her lying on the floor, her eyes open, and her hands raised in a gesture of prayer.



PLEADING FOR HER LIFE.

ferred her from the coffin to a bed and summoned a physician. Restoratives were applied, and after a lingering illness the girl regained her health, and so far as known, is now alive and well.

Her case is similar to that of Mrs. Sorrich, who resides near Steubenville, O. When a schoolgirl, 15 years of age, she married against her parents' wishes, and subsequent annoyance and anxiety brought on an attack of nervous prostration. One day she fell down in a fainting fit from which she failed to revive. The attending physicians declared her dead, and to make the matter of her dissolution certain, opened a vein from which no blood flowed.

All save her twin brother were satisfied that she had passed from earth. He insisted that she was still alive, and day after day refused to allow her interment. At last it was resolved to bury her despite his protests.

In the struggle to remove him from the room the landgrave around the girl's face fell off, and her lips were seen to move. She called for water, and on giving this evidence of vitality received proper attention. She, also, at last accounts, is still in the land of the living.

that something told him he was not dead. His request was complied with, and such signs of life were discovered that the funeral was stopped and the body carried back to the house. There the process of recovery continued until the man was restored to consciousness.

A horrible case of premature burial became known some time ago through the confession of a man lying hopelessly ill in a hospital at Copenhagen. He declared that a year before, on a dark and stormy night, he had sought the cemetery to rob the grave of a Danish nobleman's wife, who had been buried during the afternoon with many costly jewels on her person. He cleared away the earth and laid the lid of the coffin bare. This he tore off, and began to search among the costly robes for his booty. He found some difficulty in removing a heavy gold ring from the right forefinger of the corpse. To secure it he used a knife, and was terror-stricken to see the supposed dead woman rise up. He recovered from his panic sufficiently to aid her to the surface of the ground.

It seems that she had been conscious but powerless through all the hours while her friends and relatives had mourned her as lost and arranged her body for the tomb. She pleaded with the grave robber to spare her life and return her to her home, but the wretch, thinking only of his personal safety, concluded that her continued existence meant his detection and punishment. So he beat her down with his shovel, replaced her in the coffin, filled up the grave and fled. His horrible confession was substantiated by the exhumation of the mangled corpse.

Such occurrences as those narrated above naturally bring up the question as to infallible tests of death. One physician of prominence has declared that decay is the only sure sign, and here is the warning which he recently gave to the public above his own signature:

"If any member of your household is pronounced dead, and no signs of decomposition are visible, cover the body with a sufficient amount of clothing to favor warmth, and then patiently watch and wait, even if it be for six months or a year. Perchance life yet hangs by a feeble thread, and resuscitation may be spontaneous."

Catalepsy, trance, suspended animation—any of these may simulate the last dread change which marks the close of life, and if error is to be made it is well that it should be made on the side of delay, for there is always the possibility that a postponed funeral may result in the restoration to friends and family of some one mourned as dead.

GEORGE BAYARD.

ALL OF THEM HAD NERVE.

A Desperate Battle Between Officers and Outlaws.

Noble county, Ind., comes to the front with the prize outlaws of the Jesse James type. Here Mervin Kuhns, a man of middle age, whose life for over thirty years, except a short interval in the penitentiary, has been one continuous series of crimes, in Ohio he has been known and sought for as the "Fosteria murderer," as he is charged with having killed his "pal," one Campian, at that place; but Indiana was after him for horse stealing when he made his last stand, wounded two officers badly and got four shots in his own carcass. Adding a shot he got in Ohio he is now well "headed."



MERVIN KUHN.

Noble county was, some forty years ago, a place of unfortunate repute. The swampy forests were so infested with horse thieves that at one time they gained political control of the county. The natural weakness of the county was followed by an uprising of "regulators" and a promiscuous lynching. The county was purified of the desperadoes.

Kuhns was the last of his set, and was lusting toward his old hiding place with one companion, James Mease, when the posse of officers met them and a terrible battle took place.

There is no describing it, it was so confused. Policeman John Kennedy, of Fort Wayne, was shot in the face and fell. Deputy Sheriff Thomas Wilkinson then had a desperate struggle with Kuhns, putting three balls into his back, but the desperado escaped. Mease was shot down by A. R. Jackson at the first fire, getting a ball in the leg. With wonderful nerve Kuhns went to an obscure farm house, and concealing the fact that he was wounded, asked permission to lie down as he was "sick." That night he was captured. Such, in brief, was the last battle of Chatterbox.

A village some twenty miles north of Fort Wayne.

The beauty of the battle—the feature which made it a subject worthy of art—was that not a man showed the white feather. Policeman Kennedy is one of the most popular men in Fort Wayne, and had his wound proved mortal Kuhns would have had short shrift. Deputy Sheriff Thomas Wilkinson has had a lively experience with criminals for many years, and never flinched once. Marshal A. R. Jackson, of Chatterbox, with but a limited experience, stood up to his work like an Indiana soldier, and dropped Mease at the first shot. The "hostiles" did equally well. Mease opened the battle in fine style, and Kuhns fought it to a finish. They are "gritty fellows."

Kuhns began his criminal career at the age of 10 by setting fire to a school house. At 14 he was sent to the penitentiary for horse stealing, and served two years. He has traveled far and committed many crimes, but insists that he did not kill Campian. He expresses an earnest desire to live, though he is very badly wounded and the chances are against him.



A Great Grand Stand.

Here is a picture of the mammoth grand stand in process of construction by the Coney Island Jockey club, at Sheepshead Bay. It is to be composed principally of iron, and will have a length of 600 feet. About 11,000 people can easily be taken care of, and between races, if they feel inclined, a large percentage of the 11,000 may walk up and down a promenade 15 feet wide which stretches the entire length of stand. The mammoth roof will also afford standing room for an immense number of people, who will be able to watch the whole course easily from this point of vantage. The basement will be open, and the capacity of the old betting ring doubled. A cafe with sixty tables will also be one of the new stand's features.

BANK ROBBERS QUICKLY CAPTURED.

A Sensational Crime Which Was Followed by an Exciting Chase.

The papers of rival cities have had some fun over the recent robbery chase in Chicago, describing the "wild ride across the prairie" from Ninety-second street to South Chicago avenue, then up Woodlawn avenue, till the robbers abandoned their



CHARLES MULLEN. FRANK BENNETT.

team and ran "across prairie" again. It was in fact a very sensational chase, and though the robbers began and ended their flight in busy streets, they traversed some fine open spaces only to be caught with the plunder on them.

It was just noon when the cashier and other high officials of the Merchants' Exchange bank, of South Chicago, went to their lunch, leaving the bookkeeper, Frank Lynn, alone in the place and the doors of the vault unlocked. The strong box in the vault, containing some \$10,000, was locked, but near it on shelves were \$1,000 in currency, in two packages, and \$500 in coin. The building is on the corner of Ninety-second street and Commercial avenue. Bookkeeper Lynn, a pale and very quiet lad of 21, was sitting on his stool, his face buried in his book, when his attention was called, and looking up, he saw two men moving rapidly toward the door that opened through the railing to the inner section, while a tall, blonde man stood at the cashier's window pointing two revolvers at him, with a profane order for him to keep still.

Lynn, however, moved toward the drawer which held his revolver, but by this time the two confederates, were in the compartment. One fell upon him while the other grabbed the money. Lynn was kicked and beaten to insensibility, then thrown into the vault, and the door was closed. As the robbers went out they met Walter Willis, a bank employe, coming in. He saw evidences of robbery, opened the safe door, and heard the faint cry of Lynn. "The bank is robbed." The alarm was given at once, but the robbers were far away. They had stolen a horse and cart and leaped it near the bank. The hue and cry was raised, for the street was full of people, and within five minutes Lieut. Jenkins, of the South Chicago avenue station, with a squad of bluecoats, was in the patrol wagon, and going at full gallop in the direction indicated by many who had noticed the mad speed of the previous flight.

The robbers were a mile ahead and provided for a relay, but they were doomed, for they had stolen a very old horse and a rather conspicuous cart, and were sighted before they could make the change. This part of their plan was rather ingenious. At the corner of Cottage Grove and South Chicago avenues one Charles Mullen, a "suspicious character," but not yet convicted of crime, engaged with a covered butcher wagon. The robbers reached him and made the transfer quickly; the horse they left dropping in the shafts from exhaustion; then with a fresh team and Mullen for driver they broke for the open prairie.

But the alarm had been sent in all directions, and the police had obtained a fresh team. As the robbers changed a faint yell was borne to their ears, and down the road came flying the load of bluecoats, the bare-headed driver leaning on the front board, and lashing the team at every jump. The main point in the strategy—changing before the police could sight them—had failed, and it was henceforth only a race and an interesting one. On Woodlawn avenue the robbers threw away their overcoats, then two of them jumped out and took it about across prairie. Mullen, at the other end, was soon captured. The thief was John Corbett, and he had \$25 of the bank's money in his pocket.

The other two were run to cover and captured in a new house, after having shot one man in the thigh. The big blonde proved to be Harry Postlestone, alias Hennessey. His companion, who pounded Bookkeeper Lynn, is Frank Bennett. These two are professional crooks, but Corbett is unknown to the police. And it was soon proved that the two professionals were the men who robbed the Allerton Packing company on Dec. 3. They got away with \$3,300.

Wanted by the Russian Police. The recent assassination of Gen. Silverskoff in Paris has brought to light many strange facts about the despotism now ruling in Russia. Silverskoff was an even more licentious than cruel and he was tricked at the last by a Paris woman who lured him to a place where he got his death blow. He was, however, a successful detective, and after boasting that he had sent more people to Siberia and the scaffold than any other men in the service.

The nihilists got him at last, however, and captured some of his important papers. He was sent to Paris to break up the propaganda there and in Belgium and Switzerland, and there a rumor that even Russian officials in France connived at his death, so generally was he hated. Padlewski, charged with giving the fatal blow is believed to be in Bulgaria, where he is safer than elsewhere in Europe. The Russian government is straining every nerve to catch him and his co-refugees, and break up the foreign circles of nihilism, and their agents in Europe and America are working hard and are lavishly supplied with funds.

Will Hardly Live to Be Freaks. A report from Cannes, France, is to the effect that two female children have been born there who are joined precisely as were the famous Siamese twins, Chang and Eng. The new freaks are sickly, and the chances of their living are said not to be good.

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